new masses

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A REPORT ON JAPAN TODAY:

EMPEROR MacARTHUR

By DAVID ARNOLD

INSIDE THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY:

THE FIGHT for WALLACE

By MAX GORDON

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Portrait of Morris Topchevsky, by Larry Forhman; The Dennis Case, by the Editors; Short Story by Vladimir Nazor; High Water Is Hell, by Herbert Ashcroft; Yvor Winter: Critic, by S. Finkelstein; Israel Epstein's "Unfinished Revolution in China," reviewed by Frederick V. Field.

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just a minute

MORE than a year ago NM ran a Gallup poll of its own. You probably remember. We asked you what you wanted in NEW MASSES. Did you look for more fiction? Or less? For more pieces on economics? On philosophy? On Marxism? We got a big response on the last question. And we are happy to tell you that we got a warm reaction to the piece by Dirk J. Struik several weeks back. This indicated that it had rung the bell, that it was a happy blend of scholarly analysis and simplicity. We can inform you, too, that when we talk to our friends the philosophers, and tell them that you want more from them, they are eager to tear the time out of their busy calendars to come through.

For example, Howard Selsam. He has sent us a fine piece called "The Sad State of American Philosophy"; Doxey Wilkerson, another of NM's favorite writers, has submitted a thoughtful article on Marxism and the American Negro. From France, Marcel Prenant, the world-famed biologist, has mailed us a piece called "Why I Became a Marxist." In addition to these, Dyson Carter, the eminent Canadian scientific writer, has written on "New Trends in Soviet Psychological Research." This should, we are certain, answer many questions you have had about this. Charles Wisley has sent us an article answering the question millions are asking: "Has Britain Freed India?"

Incidentally, while we're talking about the tottering Empire: NM readers who read the New York *Times* (July 14) saw the full-page advertisement appeal by the Committee for Unity of the Nile Valley. You will remember that you first got an idea of developments there several weeks ago in Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois' NM article. Well, Dr. Du Bois is finishing several more pieces on that vast *terra incognita* that is Africa.

These are but a few things in the editorial hopper.

We mentioned a questionnaire a few paragraphs back. Well, we are preparing another for the autumn—as soon as many of our readers now out at the beaches and in the camps get back home. But meanwhile we would like to hear more from our readers. We've got a bagful of plans for the fall and winter and we want you to speak up about the magazine.

We at 104 East 9th St. need a continuous relationship with you. We must have it. With it we can better chart the direction along which to guide the magazine. Editing is a two-way street: the best editing is done when you meet your readers on that highway. And you've got to come half way at least to meet us, to tell us what you think.

But it's not easy, after we know what you want, to get it for you consistently. You'd never guess how many illuminating articles remain only a gleam in the editor's eye because there is not the wherewithal to get the piece. We know, for instance, our readers want more first-hand reporting—the kind Richard O. Boyer and others have done so well. Well, it requires hard cash to get the writer to the scene. Railroad fare, hotel bills, the other incidentals, no matter how modest, add up.

Because quite a few of our readers understand this, letters are coming in that many are holding parties this summer to enable the editors to get more of the kind of material you want. So we ask: have you run your party for NM, as we urged some weeks back? Have you gotten your neighbor, your friend in the office or classroom or laboratory to subscribe to the magazine? Have you yourself re-subscribed? If you haven't done all these things, we ask you to get down to it, because our business office is in the midst of the summer doldrums (as even the commercial publications are). All publishing has been hard hit by the inflation galloping across our land. And that goes especially for a magazine like ours. We've sought to meet it by reducing expenditures more than ever, by watching every penny, and all the etceteras you know about. But reducing expenses is half the story: we have to hike up income, too.

Yes, a magazine like ours is a two-way street. Will you meet us on it?

THE EDITORS.

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EMPEROR MacARTHUR

There have been two phases to the General's program: first, to leave the fascists in power; second, to keep them there. A report on Japan.

By DAVID ARNOLD

EVERY morning about eleven a long black Cadillac sedan glides up to the white granite building overlooking the Emperor's Palace in Tokyo. During the war the building was occupied by a big Japanese insurance company. Now it is the headquarters of the American Army. General MacArthur, flanked by several of his aides, gets out of the sedan, rides up in his private elevator to his office on the sixth floor, and remains there until about two. Then he goes home for lunch and on his return the ritual is repeated all over again. About eight in the evening he leaves his office for the day. During the two years he has been in Japan he has never been outside of Tokyo.

His protocol is rigid. Among the Japanese, he rarely sees anyone but the Emperor and the Prime Minister. He does not talk with ordinary cabinet ministers. He has also never talked with a Japanese trade union leader, an educator or a writer. Once he received a delegation of women members of the Diet. They told him their ideas for approximately ninety seconds. He told them his ideas for twenty minutes, and the interview was over.

Inside GHQ, the routine is inexorable. The general meets regularly only with three or four members of his staff. Some of the men who have drawn up his most important policy directives—directives that will affect the lives of 70,000,000 Japanese for generations to come—have never seen him. The officer who was in charge of all newspapers, magazines, theaters, motion pictures, book publishing, radio broadcasting, the school system and religion saw him only about three times in eight months. Everything goes through "channels." There is no discussion. A directive is laid on the Chief's desk; he either accepts or reject it. He does not confer. Laws are passed, strikes broken, the price of rice raised or lowered with the initials "MacA." The entire procedure is untouched by human hands; MacArthur is aloof, majestic, unapproachable.

Few men in American history have ever had as much power as Douglas MacArthur. In ruling Japan he has made himself responsible to no one; he decides policy in Japan. He made it clear from the very beginning that he didn't agree with the idea of an Allied occupation. The procedure for ruling Japan was established at a conference of Big Four ministers in Moscow in December, 1945; an eleven-power Far Eastern Commission was set up to determine occupation policy, and a four-power Allied Council was established to advise MacArthur in Tokyo. After the conference, he issued an amazing statement. He complained that he wasn't consulted by the Big Four ministers, that he didn't think their procedure would work and suggested very pointedly that he didn't intend to help make it work. At the first meeting of the council, MacArthur gave his new advisors a cold, cursory greeting, delivered an insulting speech in which he told them he was perfectly capable of running Japan by himself and then abruptly walked out. Since that time, he has tried in every possible way to keep the council tied up on intricate questions of procedure and has refused to give its members information. When the council disagrees with him, he simply goes ahead and does what he wants anyway. He has an army in Japan; they don't.

On one occasion, the Japanese trade unions went over the general's head and protested to the council against his anti-labor policies. MacArthur replied to this challenge at the next council meeting. Looking pointedly at the Soviet delegate, General Derevianko, George Atcheson, Jr., who is MacArthur's deputy in the council, said that GHQ language experts had examined the trade union statement and that there were certain "indications" it had been drawn up originally in a "foreign language." To the American correspondents, who spend a large part of their time in Tokyo looking for "Red agents," it was of course immediately obvious what language Atcheson was referring to. In their stories, they expanded the innuendo into a full-dress Russian Plot. Atcheson's statement was simply without foundation. The chief language officer in GHQ declared privately that he had examined the trade union document, and that

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he had found no evidence whatever that it had been drawn up in any language but Japanese.

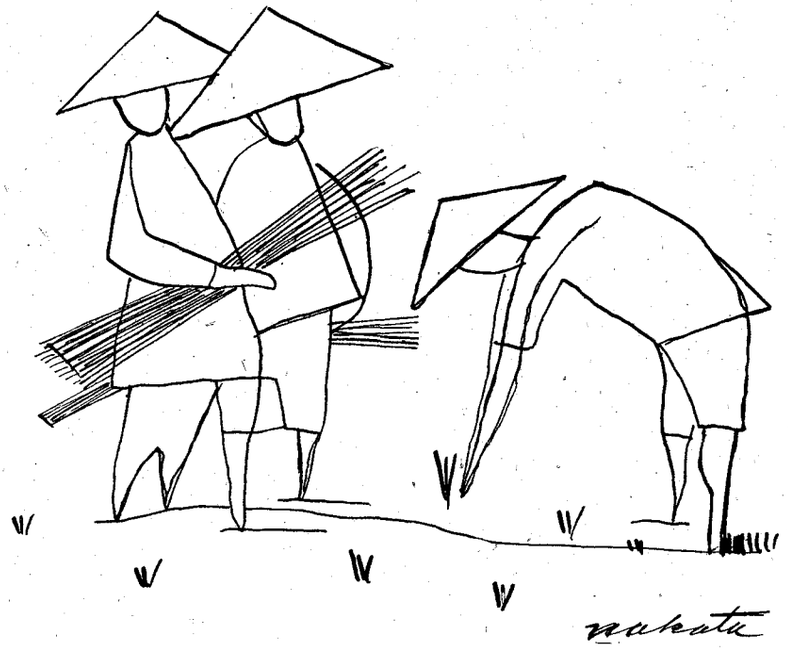
THE general has always been clear about what he wants to do in Japan. He is creating a jumping-off place for the next war. All of his occupation policies are shaped with this idea in mind.

To him, Russia is the main enemy. There are "certain people in the United States who hate Hitler too much," one of his closest associates wrote in a policy memorandum during the height of the war. Toward the end of the war, his Psychological Warfare Branch tried to induce the Japanese to conclude a separate peace with the United States; ever since then MacArthur has been methodically preparing for World War III. The high-level planners in GHQ visualize Japan —in the words of one member of the general's staff—as a "counter-reconnaissance screen of islands," as a supply base and a forward staging area. From Japan, this staff member declared, "American planes can range as far north as the Maritime Province and as far south as Lake Baikal." Of course, MacArthur isn't the only one who visualizes Japan as a springboard for a possible war against Russia. A few weeks ago, Herbert Hoover—a close friend of MacArthur's — described Japan as America's "eastern frontier."

In building these four strategic islands into a "bulwark against Bolshevism," MacArthur has followed the general pattern of the Truman Doctrine. In Japan, the irony of the doctrine is probably sharper than it is in other countries. To make Japan safe for American imperialism, MacArthur hasn't simply allied himself with reactionaries: he has placed in power the very people who were trying to destroy us only two years ago. Today Japan is still controlled almost entirely by the same fascist groups who were at the helm when Japanese planes suddenly appeared in the sky over Pearl Harbor.

There have been two phases to MacArthur's program. The first was to leave the fascists in power; the second has been to keep them in power. In carrying out the first part of his program, MacArthur attempted to disturb the old order as little as possible. In Germany, approximately 40,000 war criminals have been arrested. Complete figures aren't available for Japan, but they probably do not amount to more than several hundred. Of these, less than fifty have been arrested for political crimes. None of the big monopolists—the foundation of Japanese militarism—have been prosecuted, and no one intends to prosecute them. Cabinet ministers, generals and top leaders of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association, Tojo's political party, are all free. The Emperor, who signed the declaration of war against the United States and was supreme commander of the Japanese forces, is also free. Now GHQ is so thoughtful of his sensibilities that it refused recently to permit his name even to be mentioned at the war crimes trials.

Japan's sprawling fascist bureaucracy has hardly been touched. On Jan. 4, 1946, MacArthur issued a "sweeping purge directive" (as his Public Relations Office described it), but only 900 officials were removed from office. Several hundred thousand others have been banned from government service; the catch is that the vast majority of these are ex-army officers and that only a relative handful of top civilian officials are affected. Recently, the purge was extended to local fascist leaders, but MacArthur generously made the ban only temporary—in a little over a year they will be able to hold public office again. In the meantime, most of them are still operating behind the scenes. The others do not seem to be gravely concerned by the prospect of this short retirement from the rigors of public life.



The majority of fascist politicians have simply gone underground. Ichiro Hatoyama, for example, was a well-known political boss during the Tojo regime. Before the war he wrote a book, *Face of the World*, in which he expressed his ardent admiration for Hitler and Mussolini. Hatoyama was purged a little over a year ago, but continued to act as "chief advisor" to the new Liberal Party. MacArthur's headquarters then issued an indignant statement declaring that it was a breach of "political morality" for a purged politician to continue political activity, and being a man with a high moral sense, Hatoyama announced that he was retiring to his country house in the hot-springs town of Atami. Recently, however, he attended a party given by several American correspondents, who asked him what he was doing these days. Oh, he replied, he was very busy. Busy doing what, they asked. By this time, Hatoyama was quite drunk. For one thing, he replied, he was seeing a good deal of Shigeru Yoshida, then prime minister —in fact, he talked with Yoshida's office almost every day by telephone. For example, only recently Yoshida had asked him what to do about the terrible trade union situation and Hatoyama had advised him to "close the trade unions down." When correspondents reminded him of MacArthur's purge order, Hatoyama blandly replied that he and Mr. Yoshida were "very dear friends."

MacArthur, he indicated, didn't intend to interfere with personal friendships.

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THE purge of the school system was launched with a big public relations campaign by GHQ. Each community, it was announced, would eliminate its own fascists; locally-appointed committees would do the purging. In an eloquent press handout GHQ pointed to this procedure as a fine example of community democracy—Democracy at the Grass Roots. The only trouble was that the committees, appointed by wartime mayors and governors, were themselves composed almost entirely of fascists.

In Japan, this Alice-in-Wonderland procedure—in which fascists are given the task of removing fascists—has now become the normal way of doing things. The school committees soberly went through the motions of examining, deliberating and judging — and after screening the first 212,846 members of the school system, they came to the conclusion that only 107 were "undemocratic." An official in GHQ who objected to this procedure and proposed a more thorough housecleaning was accused of "witch-hunting."

When MacArthur's headquarters did nothing for months to remove fascists from the publishing and newspaper fields, the militant Newspaper and Radio Employes Union took the matter into its own hands. After a series of bitter strikes, it succeeded in ousting some of the more notorious fascists in the field and won the right to take part in directing editorial policy. MacArthur then applied the big stick: the action of the union was denounced not only as "totalitarian" but as a violation of "freedom of the press."

Later, a semblance of a purge was carried out, and a handful of fascist propagandists were barred from the publicity industry. Here MacArthur's "democratic" thinking reached perhaps its ultimate (and characteristic) absurdity: only presidents and editors were removed. Stockholders weren't affected by the order. After all, "you can't take property away from these people," a high official in GHQ remarked indignantly. Today all the big publishing houses are still owned by the people who owned them during the Tojo regime.

THE monopolies with their enormous power were the foundation of Japanese militarism. Fifteen of these combines—many of them interlocking—turned out fifty-one percent of Japan's coal, sixty-nine percent of her aluminum, fifty percent of her paper and pulp, twenty percent of her rayon, sixty-nine percent of her locomotives and a sizable portion of the rest of the country's industrial output. The Mitsui family alone had substantial investments in 173 companies. Many of these companies, in turn, had subsidiaries of their own; one had 185. This family's operational capital amounted to more than seven billion yen, or, at the pre-war rate of exchange, $2,333,000,000.

The man who was given the job of breaking these great trusts was deemed well qualified for the job since, in the United States, he was connected with several trusts himself. He was Col. Ray Kramer, head of the Economic and Scientific Section, who was known at one time as the "boy wizard of Wall Street." Among other things, he had been a member of the Board of Directors of the Postal Telegraph Company and an executive of the Gimbel Brothers department store chain, and had been involved in the import and export of merchandise from the Far East. In Tokyo, there was a standard joke about Kramer. People said he carried his sample case with him wherever he went.

The Japanese monopolists, Kramer once told a correspondent, were very "sensitive" people, and would resent receiving an "order" from GHQ. Kramer was discreet. He privately discussed with them the question of dissolving the trusts. There were no hard feelings. After one session, Koyata Iwasaki, president of the powerful Mitsubishi Trust, handed Kramer a hari-kiri knife. "Since you have forced Japanese industry to commit hari-kiri," he declared amicably, "you ought to have the knife." The final plan on the "zaibatsu" was drawn up by Kramer, but, to save face for the monopolists, he modestly disclaimed responsibility. MacArthur's Public Relations Office left the impression that the monopolists themselves had drawn up the plan as a voluntary contribution to democracy—and this, of course, also helped to absolve them of war guilt.

The monopolists had another reason to be pleased with the plan: it leaves the country's big financial empires almost completely intact. There are two parts to the program. Under the first part, the trusts are dissolved and the big families ordered to exchange their holdings for non-negotiable bonds that will be redeemable in ten years; under this part of the plan, the big families do not lose a single yen. After ten years they will have exactly as much money as they did before. The other part of the program was a little more hopeful: it provided for a stiff tax on the big trusts. However, it is more than eighteen months now since the plan was announced, and no taxes have yet been collected.

The reasoning behind all GHQ's tender concern for the feeling (and the funds) of the Japanese monopolists came out when a group of liberal officials proposed a thorough purge of militarists from industry. The representatives of the General Staff and the State Department fought the proposal bitterly. Wall Street was represented by a short, bald, judicious-looking man named J. H. Whittemore, deputy chief of the Communications Section, who was on temporary leave from the Chase National Bank where he was a vice-president. Removing the fascists, he confidently predicted, would result in "chaos" in industry. It would also "turn the brains of the country against us." The Army officers declared soberly that they could not "be responsible for maintaining law and order in the country." The State Department representatives said the proposal was simply "unjust." Speaking on behalf of justice, he said that although the industrialists might "conceivably" have profited from the war, they had been "secretly" opposed to militarism all the time. In supporting the war, they were simply being "patriotic," and you can't punish a man for patriotism. Whenever MacArthur's headquarters helps the fascists, the air is always heavy with words like "democracy" and "justice."

All this, however, was simply preliminary skirmishing; behind these arguments lurked the real objection. Forced into a corner during a bitter exchange of views, someone very close to MacArthur said: "We may need a strong Japan some day." He didn't elaborate, but everyone knew what he was talking about. The need for a "strong Japan" is behind every action taken by GHQ, but to mention it openly is regarded as a breach of etiquette.

The concluding half of Mr. Arnold's article will appear in next week's issue.

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Inside the Democratic Party

THE FIGHT FOR WALLACE

The campaign for the presidential nomination and the third party movement. The West leads the way.

By MAX GORDON

THIS week (July 19), at Fresno, California, the presidential campaign of the pro-Wallace wing of the Democratic Party will receive its formal inaugural. Progressive Democrats in that politically turbulent state have been summoned by the redoubtable Bob Kenny, former attorney general of California, to attend a conference to launch the Wallace presidential candidacy, in and outside of the Democratic Party. There are signs, too, that Kenny and his associates are already thinking beyond Fresno and California, perhaps to an all-Western conference within the next few months.

If the first organized move for Wallace has its origin in California, it is because the West has been the area of greatest ferment against the policies of the Truman administration, as well as of the GOP congressional leaders. Wallace has been fully aware of this. He devoted the largest part of his first swing around the country to that section. While the reception given him in other areas of the country made political history, it was especially marked in his three major California appearances: Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland.

Actually, there are two Wallace wings within the Democratic Party. One group, represented by Kenny, publicly proclaims it is for Wallace all the way: which means it will not only fight for his nomination by the Democratic Party, but will back him as head of a third ticket if he is licked at the convention. The other group is ready to support Wallace for the Democratic nomination, but says it will stick with the party choice if the Iowan is licked. Col. James Roosevelt, California Democratic Party chairman, has taken this latter attitude. He has turned down an invitation to the Fresno gathering on the ground that it is scheduled to fire the first Wallace shot out of both barrels.

The problem facing both groups, in California as elsewhere, will be to get together in the battle for pro-Wallace delegates to the national Democratic convention. Obviously, it would be disastrous to their mutual cause if they were to start squabbling on the tactical issue that divides them and hence fail to unite on their common political ground in the fight for delegates.

Opposition to Truman is both principled and tactical. Under his leadership, the Democratic Party has, like the Republican Party, become the instrument of dominant big business circles. These circles had a powerful hold over important elements of the party even under FDR. But with the aid of his great popular following, won by virtue of his devotion to progress, Roosevelt was able to fight them off. Today an ardent Roosevelt-hater such as Eugene Cox of Georgia can buoyantly and gleefully embrace Truman as a man "who enjoys [his] confidence to a great degree." Cox recently confided to newspapermen that the Rankinites in Congress are "far happier within their own party than they have been for many years."

WHILE the Truman surrender to big business is perhaps more glaring in the field of foreign policy than elsewhere, his gestures toward liberalism in the domestic sphere are not fo[illegible] the Roosevelt followers in the Democratic Party. They have seen the devotees of the New Deal, big and small, cleaned out of Washington. They know the President now has a cabinet overwhelmingly subservient to the millionaires. They have seen him break strikes by threatening to mobilize workers into the Army, and on key issues have watched him retreat before the "free enterprise" lobbies, even if his retreats were sometimes accompanied by brave words.

The mere fact that he could have a cabinet that stood seven to three in favor of his signing the Taft-Hartley bill, with two out of the opposing three being frankly for a veto only for immediate tactical reasons, has indicated to Roosevelt Democrats how far Wall Street has sunk its hooks into the administration. Political figures who know the score consider Truman's veto nothing more than a move partly to keep labor in the Democratic fold and partly, as Gen. Marshall has urged, to prevent embarrassment to certain right-wing Social Democrats within the European labor movement whom the State Department is zealously cultivating.

The tactical opposition to Truman is based on the conviction that he cannot defeat the Republicans. Under FDR, Democratic majorities were a compound of five elements: the bulk of the labor movement, the Negro people, the liberal sections of the middle classes, the big city machines and the largely tory-controlled South.

Truman's verbal concessions to progress have not been enough to keep the Negro people, liberal middle-class groups and labor in line. Hence his candidacy would represent no serious threat to the GOP next year.

The differences between the Truman and Wallace Democrats congealed as a result of the Wallace tour. Important sections of the party in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado and Minnesota, as well as in California, have already declared for the former Vice-President, though the drive for him has not taken organized form. It is fully conceded even by his foes that he will come to the Democratic convention with a sizable bloc of delegates pledged to him, though no one has as yet predicted he can come near being nominated.

Many Democratic politicians have shown a great deal of concealed interest in Wallace's candidacy, especially after a Gallup Poll indicated that

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one out of every eight voters queried would cast his ballot for Wallace as head of a third ticket. When those who had not yet made up their minds were discounted, the tally was one out of every six voters queried. And this at a time when the third party is only a gleam in progressive eyes!

What especially interested Democratic politicians was the note that among those who said they were for Wallace on a third party ticket there were five Democrats to each Republican. This is not necessarily definitive since the rural areas of the Midwest and West, overwhelmingly Republican in recent years, are getting restive over the antics of Congress and there are signs that many may again take the path of insurgence and independence.

It does show, however, that already there is a substantial Democratic minority ready to back a pro-Roosevelt third ticket.

One other recent specific indication of the trend among rank-and-file Democrats was the primary victory of of Charles E. Savage in Washington's congressional by-election. Here the issue between Savage, a Wallace man, and the regular machine designee, Attorney General Smith Troy, a Truman man, was clear-cut. Savage won the primary, 16,452 to 11,546. He lost the election by a one percent margin largely because he had to depend on the regular Democratic machine in part of the nine-county district, and because he made a few important concessions in principle to hold that machine in line. His concessions failed to do the job and lost him votes.

THESE developments are affecting the thinking of some of the more serious politicians associated with the decaying Democratic political machines, which face destruction from within if they collide with the increasingly active rank-and-file party voters, and destruction from without if they lose national patronage. While this bolsters the position of the fledgling Wallace movement inside the Democratic Party, the weakness is that the third party is, as yet, in the realm of discussion and speculation. It is not now a specific threat, a movement capable of putting its candidate on the ballot where a substantial portion of voters will be able to vote for him. As long as it remains in this stage, Democratic leaders can still figure that labor and liberal voters have no other place to go, and continue to try to woo the Right with such candidates as Truman. Their figuring is wrong, of course, since progressive voters have demonstrated often that if they have no place else to go to, they just stay at home.

But the greatest ally the pro-Wallace elements inside the Democratic Party can have in their fight for a progressive ticket is an actual third party machine and a movement determined to move ahead with the third party if the Truman crowd comes out on top. Nothing will shake the Democratic Party more than the fact that the mass of progressive independents and liberal Democrats really mean business.

This is what is behind the two-pronged drive of Bob Kenny and his associates.

The development of a mature Wallace movement inside and outside of the Democratic Party is also likely to shake up the South. In recent years there have been important, but sporadic, progressive revolts inside the Southern Democratic Party. In an all-out battle for Wallace, these revolts may well take on a disciplined, South-wide character such as has not been seen for a long time.

Social-Democratic elements operating through the leadership of the Americans for Democratic Action and the New York Liberal Party are, of course, trying hard to halt the Wallace movement inside and outside of the Democratic Party. But the ADA people, in particular, are having a tough time of it. Their own members, and even some state leaders such as William T. Evjue of Wisconsin, persist in lambasting Truman and boosting Wallace.

The chief argument of the Truman Social Democrats is the one that a third party will bring victory to the Republicans. They are solidly behind Truman as the Democratic candidate. Yet no realist will say that Truman can defeat the GOP even if all liberal and progressive leaders can be persuaded to beat the drums for him, which is itself an impossibility.

The only way the GOP can be defeated is through a coalition of wide sections of organized labor, the Negro people, the progressive middle classes and insurgent farmers, standing together behind an anti-monopoly program and an anti-monopoly candidate. If the Democratic machines can be brought into national electoral alliance with this coalition, all good and well. If not, the coalition will probably have to proceed on the basis of local alliances where possible and, in any case, winning the allegiance of the mass of rank-and-file voters who once backed the FDR program.

Gen. George Fielding Eliot

Any day walking in the park you will see this statue, the hand resting on the cannon's mouth, the cannon's sad mouth, baggy bloodhound eyes, the calm look of a hunter who goes past weeping to consider the science and art of hue and cry.

If you could only know, they say, how much he regrets the bad food, forced marches, the lack of cigarettes, and the clearly deplorable loss of some thousands from cross-fire in foolish frontal attacks.

Do not think that this noble setter, this bold beagle will deny that war is hell. He may even say, it'd be a rich man's war; but being a man of bronze, ten foot high, what can he do? He must leave it at that.

The killers trail behind him as he wades and swims, crosses yellow swamps and red rivers—their proud pointer, their faithful posture for whom the night of crime, the baying and ripping are implacable duties.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

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PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Morris Topchevsky (1899-1947)

By LARRY FORHMAN

On June 13 of this year my friend Morris Topchevsky, artist and Communist, died in Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago of complications following an operation for duodenal ulcers.

One cannot write of this man without speaking of his record—his life had become so merged with every creative thought and act of the people, in the midst of whom he loved to work. He was an art teacher at Hull House from 1924 to 1930, and again from 1932, until his death, at the Abraham Lincoln Center, of which he was also a member of the Board of Directors. He joined the John Reed Club in 1931; he helped organize the Artists Union in Chicago and was its secretary and then president; he was secretary of the Chicago branch of the American Artists Congress; he also worked to organize the South Side Community Art Center, the Midwest Artists League of Chicago and the Arts and Science Division of Progressive Citizens of America.

Still, the record is only half the man, and "Toppy" was more than most a whole man. Few had as much warmth and dignity as he and few left as rich a legacy. You'll find it hanging on the calcimined walls, otherwise bare, of a Negro flat on Chicago's South Side: a painting of Mexican kids, laughing.

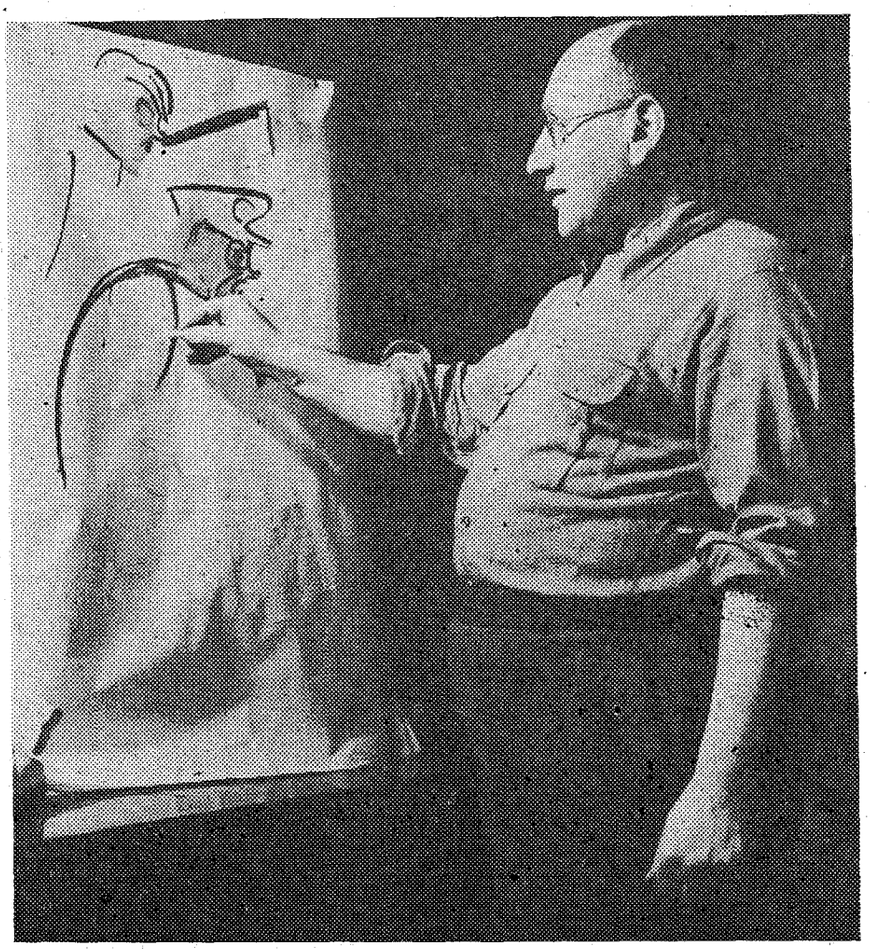
You'll find it in the recreation room of a trade union hall, a fiesta picture of people dancing. You'll find it tastefully hung in the inner sanctum of an advertising executive, where the sensitive huckster sits blushing, a half man admiring the flowers in oil that bloomed on the easel of a whole man. You'll find other of his mementos, too. There are old Jews being put to the torch at Oscwiecim. ("Toppy" was born in Bialystok in 1899. He probed his boy-memory for faces and remembered.) There are tired men in a breadline. And a black man hangs from a tree. "Toppy" saw the works —what is, what was and what could be. He painted what he saw. All this he left for others.

At his funeral the undertaker gasped, "So many people!" They crammed the chapel and flowed out onto the sidewalk, Negroes, Mexicans, Jews, Slavs, Swedes and a lady from the North Shore who was crying like a baby. Who was this man, some kind of a big-shot?

He was just a man. It's as simple as that. The kind all men could be.

There was the time he was painting a pastoral scene out in a Chicago suburb. He made talk with a group of young Mexicans who were repairing a nearby culvert. One thing led to another. He had been to their home town. "I remember a mural in your schoolhouse." He described it in detail. The boys were gleeful. "We did that. Nacio and I here, we did that eight years ago." It was a hot afternoon and they dropped in for a coke at the village drugstore. "Toppy" noticed that the proprietress frowned. After the boys had gone back to work, he told her about the schoolhouse mural in Mexico and how if one speaks their language one finds out many things about ditch-diggers. She listened. The boys came there often after that.

In the early Thirties, there was a street parade along Michigan Boulevard, a WPA demonstration. A bystander at the curb booed: "The hell with you Reds! Back to Moscow!" As the other marchers passed by, "Toppy," carrying a banner, one of the many he had painted, walked over;



Morris Topchevsky at work.

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he chatted with the guy pleasantly, patiently explaining the whys and wherefores of the parade, how these people sought to make a more beautiful life for themselves and for the booer. The citizen who came to heckle remained to watch, and to think things over, perhaps.

Fellow artists remember how "Toppy" defended them during the WPA days when the hatchet-men were swinging wildly. His work in building a strong Artists Union in the Midwest they remember, too.

At the *Taller De Graphica* in Mexico City, the cry was "Tawppy! Tawppy!" and they would hug the hell out of him, whenever he could raise the scratch for an occasional visit. Veterans of the Hearst *Examiner* strike still tell of his delightful chalk talks and how he helped them weather their drawn-out picket strolls.

There are letters piled high in his bureau drawer. A note from an art student in Buffalo, "How do you do those colored etchings?" A hurried scrawl from a Cleveland artist who broke his leg and needed eating money. A long one from Pablo O'Higgins in Mexico asking for some casein colors. A thank-you note from the Farm Equipment Workers and one from a Baptist Church. Letters from Rockwell Kent, Bill Gropper, Jane Addams, Holger Cahill. A colleague's penciled tribute: "Toppy, you amaze me. Where did you pick up all that knowledge that extends from the most primitive cave paintings to Gertrude Stein's analysis of Picasso?" (His formal schooling wound up at third grade.)

There was one dated 1931 and signed by Alexander Meiklejohn, written during the days "Toppy" taught at the Experimental School, Madison: "His personal quality is quite unique, first, as it expresses itself in his own work and, second, as it appears in his influence upon individual students and the student groups." There was another from Hubert Herring, chairman of the Cultural Relations Committee to Latin America: "From the standpoint of the Mexicans, I can say there is no American who is more sensitive to Mexican life and art than Morris Topchevsky. There are a lot of people who put up more front but there is no one who has gone deeper into the Mexican spirit than he. Not only is he a painter with a sensitive appreciation, but he is also a rare person in himself."

A rare person. That's about all.

"Toppy" believed in the potential richness and beauty in men and thereby lived a rich, beautiful life. He knew no half way, no compromise with ugliness. He was a Communist, a whole man.

WHERE WERE YOU ON JULY 9th?

By the Editors

On July 9 Eugene Dennis stood before a Federal court and was sentenced to a year in prison and fined $1,000 for "contempt" of the contemptible Un-American Committee. On July 9 a reporter for the New York *Sun* who had testified against Dennis wrote a story about the "theft" of atom bomb secrets—a sensation-mongering story inspired by J. Parnell Thomas of the Un-American Committee. On July 9, with the tacit consent of the State Department, the contemptible government of Greece spread its dragnet over thousands of progressives, liberals and Communists opposed to the Truman Doctrine —which is the international version of the Thomas Doctrine.

The link between these simultaneous events is more than obvious. The Communist sentenced to prison in Washington serves as a signal for the arrest of courageous fighters in Athens. It serves, too, as the beginning of another attempt to clothe the atom in a military straitjacket, to besmirch the scientists who believe the atom belongs to the people. We need no better warning than the three black episodes of July 9 to prove that the threat that confronts us is not directed against any single individual or any political group but is in fact a threat against all with an iota of difference in outlook from that decreed by the Un-American Committee. The Japanese militarists called their dissidents "dangerous thinkers" or Communists or whatever suited their drive to keep under wraps those who believed China deserving of freedom and peace or that Americans are not an inferior people.

We presumably liberated Japan in order to give the "dangerous thinkers" a chance to construct a genuine democracy. Yet now the American liberators are themselves subject to the same scrutiny and persecution which they thought they had smashed elsewhere.

No one can comfort himself by saying "I am not a Communist. This cannot happen to me." This is the comfort of blindness, of failing to see that an atmosphere created by an Un-American Committee helps create a Taft-Hartley law. Others who are not Communists but are interested in helping Spanish refugees or in improving relations between this country and the Soviet Union are also victimized and slandered by the same people who send Dennis to prison. Theirs is the logic of insanity. Because the Communists want to help exiled Spanish democrats therefore anyone with the same desire is a Communist. These are the logicians who also force the dismissal of government employes because if they have not been Communists they have been "indiscreet." By that measure no one is safe from having his home invaded or his rights abrogated.

The case of Dennis, as the cases of Gerhart Eisler and the sixteen defendants of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, is a major test of whether the Thomas Doctrine will prevail or whether we will continue living by the Bill of Rights. In addressing the court Dennis said that his liberty as an individual was dear to him "but more precious is the liberty of the whole American people." There is the crux of the issue. There is no escape from it. You defend your own freedom, your own right to live in dignity when you demand from Attorney General Tom Clark that the persecution of Dennis and the others be stopped immediately. You help protect your future when you help the Civil Rights Congress (205 East 42nd Street, New York 17) to expand the movement to give the illegal Un-American Committee a quick burial.

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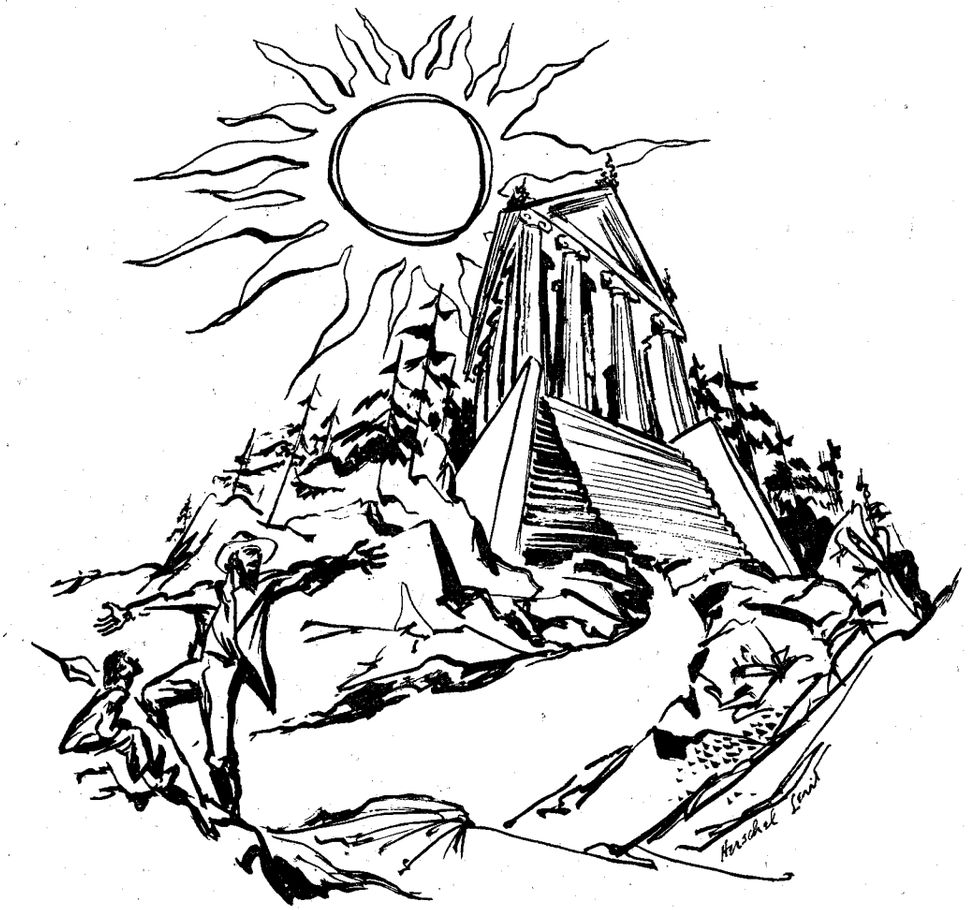

The Planter

"There isn't a bare spot in the world that couldn't be transformed into a green grove." A bright vision from a mountain-top in Yugoslavia.

A Short Story by VLADIMIR NAZOR

Illustrated by Herschel Levit.

SINCE the days had grown longer, and the sun was ever lovelier in the west, I liked to wander about of an evening, outside the town.

I often climbed up the bare, rocky mountain which rises above the town to the northwest, so close to it that you would think that either the mountain would some day sink down into the town, or the town would gradually climb up it.

There are several ways of reaching it, but they are all rough and sometimes almost impassable. The shortest is the one leading through the largest suburb of the town, a narrow, winding street which becomes steeper and steeper. It is inhabited by peasant townfolk. It is never clean, and sometimes it is excessively dirty. You think the moment will never come when you will pass the last and poorest cottages and come out into the pure open air.

A steep, uneven path awaits you, covered with fallen rocks and stones, worn by men's feet and the hooves of mules. You go past a cemetery, and since you are already tired, and your legs are already aching, you sit down on a rock and look around you. And beneath you lies the whole town: a cluster of grey houses, with belfries rising from among them. Here and there, gardens and groups of trees form patches of green. Along the long shores and on the quays in the wide bay people are crawling, tiny and black as ants. The sea is calm, deep red from the slowly setting sun. A large steamboat enters the harbor, trailing aloft from its funnel a long ribbon of smoke, with red-tinged edges. In the most distant houses, far away over there toward the mountains, the windowpanes glow, and you might imagine that the whole of that suburb is on fire.

Nobody ever disturbed me. Around me, as everywhere on that mountainside, there were nothing but crags and thorny weeds, and here and there a little crippled and stunted tree. There was not a soul to be seen. The murmurings of the town grew fainter and

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fainter at that time of day, and, it seemed, farther and farther away. Only my eyes were alive in me, and to a certain extent my sense of smell, for the scent of wild sage and cudweed came to me from the shady spot between the walls of rock.

I used to gaze long, until darkness began to fall. Then I hurried back.

SEVERAL times it was like that. But one evening I was startled by a clanking sound. A man was coming out of the cemetery. He was locking the gate.

When he came nearer to me I saw him better. Tall, lean and bent, he helped himself along with a crutch, dragging a lifeless leg. His clothes were in rags. He moved cautiously, and muttered something between his teeth.

He passed just by me.

When he noticed me, he stopped. His face was withered, distorted with suffering, overgrown with a neglected beard. His eyes were wild; they darted about as though he were seeking someone on whom to vent his bitterness.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a boy."

"A schoolboy?"

"Yes."

"Where do you come from?"

"From that island. My parents are there," I answered, pointing with my finger across the channel.

"Hm!" And the expression of his face suddenly softened a little. "Well, what are you doing here?"

"I'm sitting looking at the view. It's lovely."

"Whatever's lovely in that?" he asked me, glancing sideways.

"Why, all this. The town."

"The town? You mean to say you think that town's lovely? Little brat! Idiot! That hole? That piggery? That den of wolves? Little wretch!" And he spat.

At first I was terrified. His crutch began to shake under his left armpit. And the rusty key of the cemetery shook, too, in the hand outstretched toward the town.

"What do you know about it? You've only just got here, from some village or other. But you wait a bit. That 'lovely' town's going to do you some harm, too. It will, you'll see. Little boy, you do as I tell you. Collect up all your things early tomorrow morning. Jump into a boat. Go to your mother! Go to your father!"

Now I no longer wanted to run away from the man.

And he went on speaking.

"See what that town has made of me! A sick man. A cripple. And I've got three children. And do you see that cottage down there, beside the road? Nothing but a door and window. A real cellar. Dark. Damp. No floor."

"But——"

"What do you mean: 'but'? Did you see the stinking street that you come along to get here? Those town council fellows keep it like that on purpose to make the people die. When they can't break somebody's leg and throw him on the rubbish-heap, like they have me, they make him rot in filth."

"They broke your leg? The town council?"

"Yes. When you work for somebody by running round the town like the wind, for seven years, every evening doing your job, and when you have an accident while you're at it, and you fall and break your leg, and they give you the sack and don't give you a pension, but just throw you into a cottage like that, with your little children — well, it's the same as if they'd broken your leg with their own hands, and put you on the dust-heap. Yes, they killed me. Then they add insult to injury. They say they've helped me enough. That it's all my own fault. That I drink. And do you know who's really helping me? The Jews. I take care of this cemetery of theirs for them. A Jew's better than a Christian."

An ever greater hatred burned in his eyes. He began to foam at the mouth.

"But what used you to be?" I asked.

"The town lamp-lighter."

"The lamp-lighter!"

"Yes. The man who goes running

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round all the streets, from lamp-post to lamp-post, every evening, all over the town, lighting the lamps with a stick. Seven years of hard work, in wind and rain. Every day. Lighting them and putting them out. Lighting them and putting them out. And one evening I didn't notice a hole that had been dug for some drain to be mended. I fell in. That's how it happened."

"So it was you?"

"What?" Now it was he who was surprised.

I told him how I had watched from the fourth floor of the big house opposite the fountain on the sea-front, where he lit the lights in the evening.

"There; you see. Quick. Punctual. And they still say that I was drinking, and that there was a lighted lantern on a post in front of the hole."

I wanted to tell him the things I used to imagine about him in those days; how I thought an angel used to light the stars in the sky and then come down to the town to drive away darkness and terror. I was just going to say something else, but he flared up again. His words became a wild raving. He would have his revenge on the whole town. Under that mountain was hot water, and an awful stench came from it. He was going to look for its underground sources, and make holes to let it out. It was to flow down into the town. And destroy and contaminate and suffocate everybody.

"That's sulphurous water. It heals people. They're going to make baths."

"What?"

"That's what they say in the town."

"Shut up. You're just like the rest of them. A pack of wolves. It's going to destroy the whole town. It'll become one big cemetery. And I'll be its grave-digger. Ha, ha! And until then they dare not come here to breathe the fresh air. I'm guarding this mountain from them. I'm letting it crumble down. I break down every branch. I tear up the grass. I throw lumps of rock on to the paths. And then . . ."

But I was no longer listening to him. I was thinking how that dream of mine was shattered, that dream about the good spirit who lit the lamps every evening in heaven and on earth.

It was already quite dark when he left me, saying that I, too, was a scoundrel and a fool. He moved away with careful steps, cursing. He disappeared like some phantom in the twilight, in the direction of the nearest cottage.

And that evening it seemed to me, as I looked down on them, that those lights in the town no longer twinkled in the dusk as merrily as before.

FROM that day I went a different way to the mountain.

It really almost broke my legs. But now a wider view spread out before me: the channel to the south, the mountains to the east, and the ridge to the north, on the farther side of the long gulf extending far inland, on whose banks the little towns showed white. Now the whole peninsula was visible, jutting out into the sea from the mountain on the east; it was green-covered, and the town along its banks, at the foot of the high land, straggled to its very tip.

I was sure of meeting nobody now. And one afternoon I had a longing to climb right to the top of the mountain to watch the sun setting from there.

I went over rugged, stony ground, where not a single tree grew, and jumped from rock to rock. I was quite exhausted, but I reached the summit, and in good time.

At the very top of the mountain a stone cross was erected on a rocky ridge. I stood beside it; I held on to it with one hand; I gazed around.

Islands, bays, promontories, roads and isolated cottages on the plains, all lay beneath me, while the sea gleamed blue, and the town glittered towards the sun in the west.

I took off my cap, held it up, and waved it.

"Oh, Split! Oh, town of Split!"

"Bravo, Nazor! That's how I like to see you." My geometry master was standing beside me.

He was a man in the prime of life, whose fine figure swung along in a rhythmic motion as he walked; between the first and second fingers of his left hand, slightly raised, he nearly always held a cigarette, while his right arm swung at his side. His features had the regular lines of a classical statue. His beard was long and thick. And his soft wide-brimmed hat always towered above the heads of other people walking in the streets or squares, for he was very tall. He used to be seen everywhere; but chiefly where the fishermen landed with their catches, or at the fishing places. And all the fishermen knew him. They talked with him, showed him what they had caught, and told him what sort of day they had had. And he used to look and listen, jot something down, and give them advice. We knew that he knew the name of every little fish and crab and that he was writing about them in some book. In school he was kind and chatty, and as we weren't afraid of him we were generally careless and naughty in his lessons. There were even some boys who used to annoy him just so that he would reprove them in his own kindly manner, devoid of all bitterness.

Now, when I suddenly saw him, I turned red, but I wasn't afraid of him.

"Bravo, my boy! Thanks be to heaven that I've lived to see such a miracle. So there is someone who climbs up here, ruining his shoes, to see this wonder. For years and years I've been preaching to them, saying: If you'd only come once! Just to see. So that you, too, can get an idea of all that can be done. But my words are always like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. And what do you think of it?" he said, indicating with his hand the country around us.

He saw by the expression on my face how much I, too, was enjoying it.

"A marvel! And those people down there walk about those narrow little streets with no air and no light. They scratch at the roads with the soles of their feet, and for hours and hours they're raising dust and swallowing it. But look around here! Open your mouth wide and drink in the air! And your eyes: fill yourself with light! If only now and again . . . But they never . . ."

"But it's like a desert here. All bare."

He sat down beneath the cross; he looked at the rugged rocky slope.

"Hm. Bare. But what's bare can be clothed."

"How?"

"Why, easily. If you haven't any clothes you go into a shop. You bargain. You pay. You put them on. And there you are," he said jokingly.

"Oh, if it was as easy as that!" I laughed. "Clothes!"

"Why, but it is. A suit of clothes. We know of one already; the pine-tree. *Pinus maritima*. A beautiful green suit. Summer and winter. Shirt and coat. You get it, you plant it, and wait. It doesn't need a tailor. It doesn't tear; it only grows. In a couple of years it's up to a man's waist; in twenty years it's higher than his head. And where there was a desert — a forest of green. Yes, the pine!"

"I know them. There's one by our bay, on the island."

"Not just one. Thousands and thousands. And in just a few years."

Now I began to rejoice, too, at the

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vision which floated before his eyes. A whole forest springing up from the bare *karst*, transforming the barren mountain along by the sea into a green paradise which hovered, as it were, above the town. The image which his words evoked became a reality to me.

We sat side by side and watched the sun sinking into the sea. And when its upper edge had dipped beneath the surface, everything before our eyes turned green, and it seemed as though even the rocks around us were covered with grass and ferns. The scent of wild sage now seemed to have become the fragrance of pine resin. The murmur of the town was like the rustling of branches.

And he showed me which way the road would pass, leading from the town to our mountain top.

"I know exactly how it will be. I've already measured everything and calculated it all, and made sketches. Look, that's where there will be a sharp bend in the steep, winding road. They'll have to make some steps, too. And alongside the road there will be a stone wall. And before very long—perhaps you'll see it yourself—villas will be built on the summit."

"Just here?"

"Yes. These great boulders won't be here any more. They'll build lovely houses with them. It's as though they're waiting for that. And the town will get new lungs, so as to breathe more deeply and refresh its blood. And all that dirt down there in the streets below the Jews' cemetery will disappear."

"Do you know that lamp-lighter?"

"Yes. I know him, and he knows me. He's a poor specimen. He's let hatred poison his soul. If there were a few fair-sized green trees around the cottage that he got from the town council he wouldn't be like that. And a lot of the townsfolk will be different when they're able to come right up here and walk about in the forest. They don't know themselves, what they really need."

A full moon was already rising when, as darkness fell, we descended the mountain-side.

But for him I'd have broken my legs. He knew every stone, every rock. And in the dusk he could distinguish the little paths, and he guided me, placing my foot in the right places.

"There isn't a bare spot in the world that couldn't be transformed into a green grove. But people don't know about it. Oh, to plant a forest on barren land, or a field, or at least a little garden! Everywhere there's a little soil for a seed to germinate and for a tree to grow.—But let's drop the subject now. You're too young."

I understood him, though.

I felt as if something had inspired me, too, that evening. As if I, too, wanted to plant and cultivate something—not for myself, but for other people.

We struck a path that led across to the Jews' cemetery, and then went on down. As we were passing the first cottage, something came into my mind. I raised my head.

At the door stood a creature on three legs, dark against the light inside the hovel. It looked at us; it strained to see us better.

Suddenly somebody shouted.

"Let's hurry. He'll recognize my hat," the teacher said to me.

But before we had got away, the voice screamed. "Ah, you devil! So now you go spying round in the dark, too. I'm the master here!" And the first stone fell behind our backs.

We didn't get away into safety until we had turned the corner.

I ARRIVED home rather late, very tired.

I couldn't get to sleep immediately, and I thought so much about the events of the evening that the mountain came into my dreams that night.

I saw it, rising abruptly above the town. At first it was dry, bare and rocky. A sort of threat lurked in it. Something was rotting beneath it. A three-legged man with an evil mouth and the eyes of a maniac was burrowing like a mole into its foundations. He was searching for springs of foul-smelling water with which to choke the town. And the mountain was tottering and swaying. It would come crashing down. It would bury all the houses and quays beneath a pile of rocks and boulders. But look! A huge man was coming. He stepped forward and bent down. Now there was something green and tall. And the greener the mountain-side grew, the feebler became the other man down below, and the vainer his efforts.

And the mountain became still and peaceful. It was green and dewy. Flights of steps, stone walls and winding paths shone on it. And above, gleaming white upon its summit beneath the noonday sun, were the columns of a marble temple.

Translated from the Croat by Vera Javarek. Reprinted by permission from "The Slavonic and East European Review," London, January, 1946.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

The operators have signed an amicable pact with Lewis soon after getting the mines back from the government. They seem to find certain advantages in mining their own business.

●

Hartley charges that the mine operators have thrown away the protection given them by the new law. For reasons apparently unknown to the Congressman the operators would rather have production than protection.

●

Reports from Texas indicate that Martin Dies may try a comeback. There are probably a few good Red scares still left in the old windbag.

●

Gael Sullivan has been arrested for drunken driving. This should be valuable experience for a position on the Democratic Steering Committee.

●

The House has finally authorized a printing of the study *Fascism in Action*. It seems many of the Congressmen were afraid it might be taken as a history of the 80th Congress.

●

Princess Elizabeth and ex-Prince Philip may be forced to live with her mother in Buckingham Palace. It's situations like these that make housing shortages strike home.

●

The Chicago *Tribune* says that Taft measures up to being President. His measurements may be fine but he's tailor-made by the NAM.

●

A Congressman says that the government should start planning to legislate by television in the event of war. The prospect of seeing Congress in action can be added to the horrors of atomic warfare.

●

A dentist in Brooklyn has joined the hundreds who claim to have seen the flying saucers. But to him it probably was just another upper plate.

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FRANCE:

The Poet and the Miner

By DEREK KARTUN

Paris (by mail)

AT THE famous *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* in the Paris Opera House recently, young men wandered idly around in lace-fronted evening shirts choosing fastidiously between the seven vintage champagnes that were offered. Diamonds were presented as tombola prizes and *pate de foie gras* was delicately consumed in staggering quantities. Milk-white shoulders shrugged and fans fluttered as the fabulous rich of Paris talked about the strike. If any shadow was cast over the 7,000 dancers at the Opera, it was that of the idle pit-head machinery of France. But a day or two later the miners trudged back to work with slight pay increases and the hope of balancing their family budgets for a week or two, until prices caught them again.

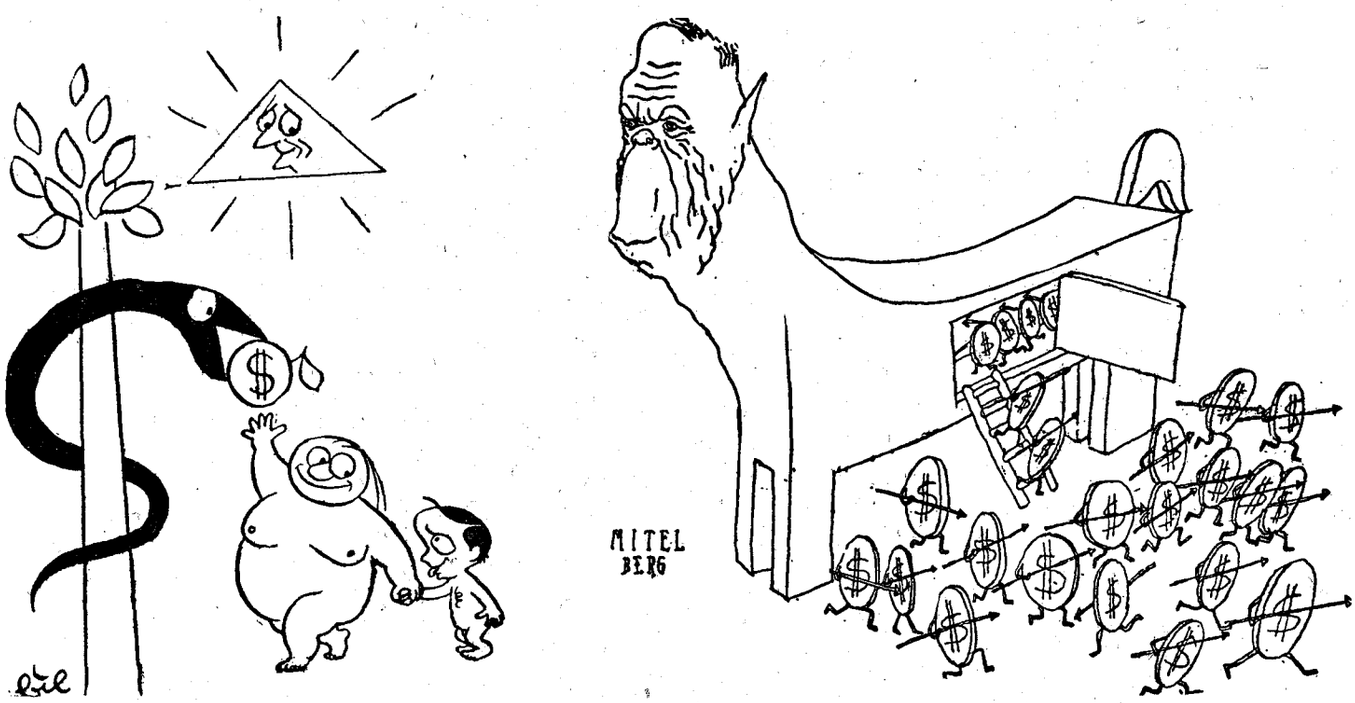
Outside the Paris Opera House, France is suffering bitterly. The larders in her towns are meagerly stocked; her people need new clothes they cannot afford to buy. The government—torn between allegiance to the young men in lace shirts and the ragged miners—have chosen lace and plunged the country into economic stagnation. To do it they had first to get rid of the Communists; and now that their policy is showing its first signs of bursting at the seams, they are reluctantly facing the prospect of again seeing Communist ministers at the Cabinet table.

During the same week the French Communists held their Eleventh Congress at Strasbourg in Alsace, and the great banner which floated above the heads of the 1,200 delegates read: "Stop the dangerous slide to the right and hasten a democratic policy in line with what the people want." The delegates cheered when Maurice Thorez, their general secretary, pointed out that the workers were being called upon to pay the whole cost of reconstruction and that this must stop. They cheered when he said that a democratic government must be organized. They took this to mean that the Communists must be brought back into the Cabinet. They cheered Jacques Duclos when he addressed a friendly warning to the members of the Socialist Party. Their leaders, he told them, were leading them to ruin by allowing themselves to be used by the parties of the Right.

Impressions of such a Congress are too numerous and rich to come back to mind in any ordered sequence. But there are some that stand out.

There was the moment when the chairman interrupted the proceedings to announce that Paul Eluard had arrived in the hall and was requested to take his place on the platform. And as the great poet of the Resistance walked up the length of the hall, the miners and metal workers, the housewives and farm laborers rose to their feet and cheered and applauded the serious-faced, greying individual who had written "Paris, Paris—my heart. . . ." as the Germans marched into the French capital.

At dinner that day Maurice Thorez, the miner from



Two Parisian views of the Marshall Plan: (left) "Paradise"; (right) "Marshall of Troy." From "Action."

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the North, sat opposite Eluard. A little down the table sat Gero, the Bridge Builder, one of the greatest figures of the new Europe, and the man who produced order out of the chaos of Hungary. Near him was Joliot-Curie, France's leading atomic scientist; opposite sat Harry Pollitt, secretary of the British Communist Party, whose speech to the Congress—calling for close association between the peoples of France and Britain—received a great ovation. There was R. Palme Dutt, Pasionaria from Spain, delegates from Greece, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and many other countries.

There was the moment after dinner when, true to a long-standing tradition at these congresses, Maurice Thorez climbed up on his chair and, as a hush fell over the 1,800 people who were seated in the great hall, sang one of the old songs of France. The whole vast audience joined the choruses and gradually they got up from their seats and gathered round Thorez and the other leaders at the head table, singing, laughing and cheering. When Thorez had finished, Jeannette Vermeersch, his wife and a great political leader in her own right, got up and sang a song; others of the leading figures in the party did the same. Toasts were drunk, cheers given, people laughed and clapped. Then they went back to the conference hall to continue their work far into the night.

The relative attention given by the Congress to the various problems confronting France was important. Maurice Thorez spoke for four hours on the general situation; he spent twenty-five minutes of that time in shattering the phony "modified Marxism" of Leon Blum and Georges Izard, equal time in explaining the theoretical basis of the Communist Party's work, longer in expounding the economic background to France's present crisis. Jeannette Vermeersch spoke for an hour and three-quarters on the subject of women—their rights, home life, politics and social position. Laurent Casanova analyzed the attitude of Communists to the arts in a brilliant one-hour address. Andre Marty spoke for two hours on the youth of France. The sum total of the Congress' work was a thoughtfully-elaborated policy on every aspect of the nation's life, a fighting and determined attitude, an immense sense of strength and confidence in themselves and the whole working class of the country, a very clear idea of where they were going and how best they were to get there.

As news of underground plots and counter-plots to destroy the Fourth Republic comes to light, and as the government wobbles helplessly on the prickly horns of its multiple dilemmas, the solidity and clearheadedness of the French Communist Party assumes steadily increasing importance, both for France and for the rest of Europe.

HIGH WATER IS HELL

In the wake of the floods this question remains: who is blocking real control?

By HERBERT ASHCROFT

Des Moines.

WE WHO live in the flood areas know from experience what is meant by the expression "come hell or high water." High water means that all production and exchange is dropped for the sake of saving ourselves and our neighbors. It also means that for weeks after the water has receded, or perhaps for months or years, we still feel the effects of the floods. It may mean almost a total loss of everything we have except the clothes on our back—when the muddy waters of some river come rushing down the streets, filling the basements and submerging the buildings to the eaves. Furniture comes apart, rugs and clothing are ruined and the insides of buildings are soaked in slime. People despair as they fish around trying to salvage something out of the terrible mess. On the farms in the path of the high waters the baby chicks are swept away like dry leaves and the hogs and calves in the barns are trapped and drowned. High water is hell.

Some sections in this rich tall-corn state of Iowa have been under water three different times. Reports from towns along the Mississippi claim that flood-waters were the highest in a hundred years.

It isn't easy to estimate the amount of damage caused by floods in the United States during 1947, but without doubt it is many times more than the rough guesses made in the newspapers. Farms that have been flooded have little chance of producing any kind of a cash crop this year and the loss of soil will be a drag for a long time to come, in addition to the damage done to buildings, machinery, fences, livestock and stored grain. When creeks creep out over the banks and spread miles wide in the valleys, noxious weed seed gets a free ride to new homes and may plague farmers for years.

The tragedy of floods is that more damage is done every few years by wild waters than the cost of real flood control projects. We pay for flood control but don't get it. The projects thus far set up and the proposals for further projects to hold back unruly rains are only a small part of what is needed in the way of an over-all flood control and soil conservation program for the United States.

The traditional methods of dealing with floods have not been control, but attempts locally to fence out abnormal run-offs with levies which have to be continually raised and repaired. The river beds fill up with silt, and today, in some places, river bottoms are as much as fourteen feet above the surrounding area. To an observer it appears that the rivers are routed down the ridges. The margin of safety with this sort of a system is, at best, very narrow. Then one day word is flashed that the river is out and there is a mad scramble for the high land, with many getting caught short in the rush.

The ruthless cutting down of timber by the lumber barons removed the natural sponges that soaked up abnormal rains and let them seep slowly into the earth. The plow that "broke the plains" also greased the countryside so that every freshet hurried toward the Gulf of Mexico saturated with the best top soil. When the question was asked about the loss to future generations by such destructive violations of the laws of nature it was generally swept aside: "Let the coming generation look after

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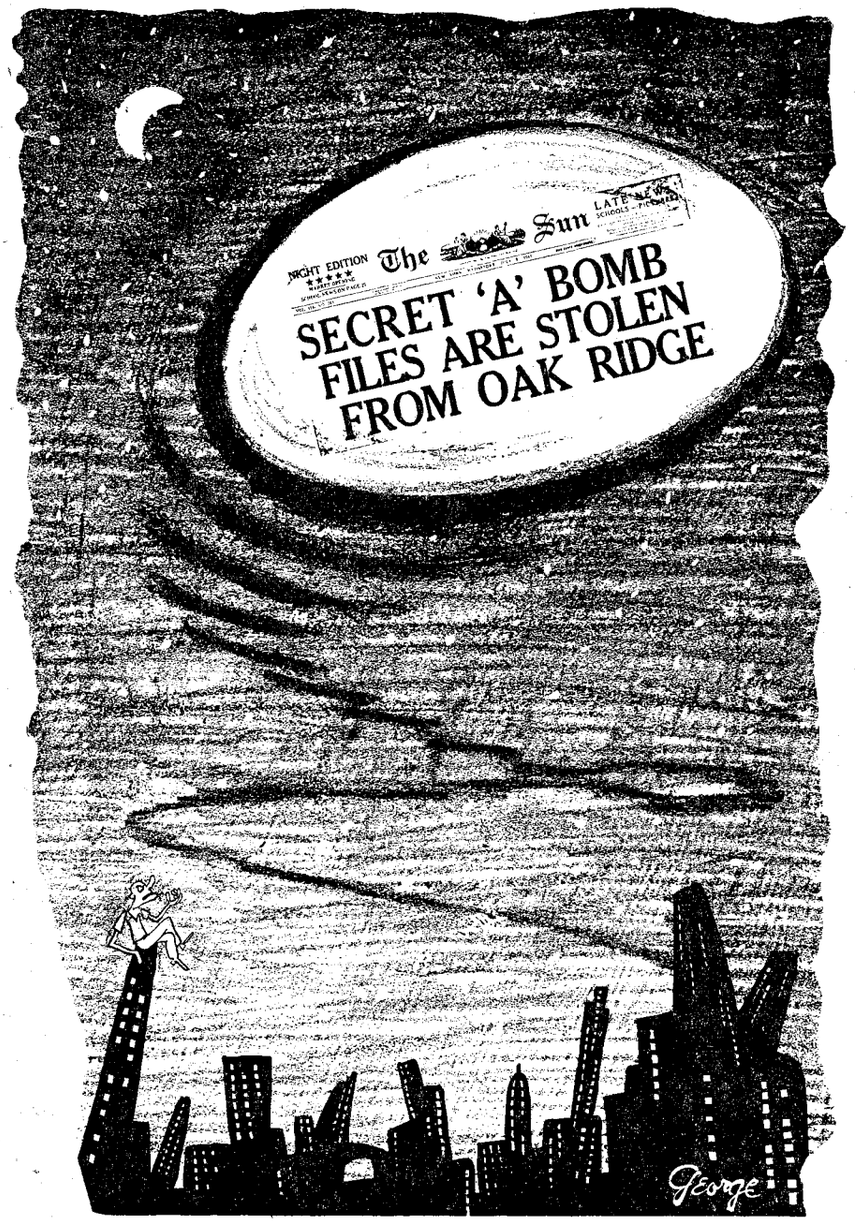
it, I'll be dead then." Even the beavers, who maintained a primitive flood control system, were cleaned out for their pelts with little thought of the results.

THE soil conservation initiated by the New Deal took into account the relationship of men, soil and water, and that men had to work with, not against, nature. New methods of farming were introduced to keep soil from blowing off in dry weather and washing away during rains by slowing up the runoff. Farmers were encouraged to build dams and plant trees, for which they received "government money." Today this program is being sabotaged by a reactionary Congress in the name of economy.

Although flood control begins on the land with anti-soil erosion practices and polkadotting the country with small ponds, it must be extended down the creeks and rivers in every water shed with a system of larger reservoirs. Flood waters can then be held back and released moderately.

Each river valley necessarily has to have a separate flood control system. And as one young newspaper reporter said to me in discussing the floods, "complete flood control and soil conservation looks like a hundred-year project to me, something on which we can always be working." The cost has been estimated at around two billion dollars, which is only four times the estimated damage, as of today, for the summer of 1947. Two billion would be a nice starter.

The Tennessee Valley Authority was suggested by Roosevelt as a pattern for the control and development of our principal river valleys. This plan called for the establishment of a central authority in each river valley which would coordinate flood control with its various by-products: navigation, irrigation and the production of low-priced electrical energy. The Missouri appeared to be the next in line for harnessing, and a bill for an MVA, introduced by Sen. Murray of Montana, gained strong support in the area for a time. But the influence of the power trusts, which feared competition from publicly-operated hydro-electric dams, has been too strong, as yet, to overcome. As a brake on the TVA idea other river plans have been advanced which would be carried out by the Army, the Departments of Interior and Agriculture without coordination and with a minimum production of electric power. The power



Saucers that Pass in the Night.

interests swing a wicked political club in the states drained by the "Big Muddy" Missouri River.

It has been pointed out that an MVA would transform the states of Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota and Nebraska into bases for industry where the products of the ranches and farms could be processed on the ground instead of being first shipped hundreds of miles by rail. Cheap electricity would give the people the benefits of modern developments to lessen housework and backbreak on the farms.

Since the high water this summer there has been renewed interest in pushing the shelved river control plans. Senator Murray recently called upon the President to issue a strong statement in support of MVA "to give added hope for the people who are today suffering millions of dollars loss because of floods." It is reported that Truman replied that he couldn't see the present Congress approving an MVA or a Columbia Valley Authority.

People in the flooded areas are beginning to see that no economy is achieved by letting water run wild. The conservative Iowa farm magazine, *Wallace's Farmer*, on July 5 expressed the growing sentiments of the area: "Until the Missouri Valley gets an MVA . . . until the upper Mississippi Valley gets an authority of its own, able to pull together all the flood control plans, we'll still have trouble on the upper river. . . . The floods of 1947 are a plain warning that we can't win by a few dams or a few layers of sand-bags along the river."

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review and comment

REASON AT A STANDSTILL

The neo-classic critic is too academic to solve the problems that he sets himself.

By S. FINKELSTEIN

This is the first of a series of three article reviews on contemporary criticism. It deals with the scientific neo-classic critic, as represented by Yvor Winters. The second article will be based on the complete essays of Thomas Mann, a romantic critic. The third article will concern itself with the sociological critic, and will undertake a detailed review of Edwin Berry Burgum's "The Novel and the World's Dilemma."

THE collected critical writings of Yvor Winters form an impressive work of contemporary clinical criticism. It is a work to be treated with great respect, for there is much that can be learned from it. The standards Winters holds up to a poet and novelist are mastery of craft and lucidity of thought. He makes equal demands of the critic, who, if not a practitioner of the craft he surveys, must at least have a sensitive eye, ear and mind to it. As a critic, Winters has this equipment to a high degree, and his new book, *In Defense of Reason*, is a brilliant and most educative study of the obscurity that has become so intermingled with contemporary writing.* It is also a seriously incomplete study. Winters sees the limitations of the body of modern "scientific" and classicist critics, of whom he is himself so outstanding a representative. Yet he ends in the same blind alley that they find themselves in, of a formalism divorced from human relations, for he refuses to take the line of thought that would lead him to a solution of the problems that he raises. That line of thought is Marxism.

The subjects of the book are mainly Americans: Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry Adams, Henry James among prose writers; Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, Emily Dickinson, T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens among poets; Eliot again, with Allan Tate and John Crowe Ransom, among theorists of poetry. Against all of these writers Winters sets up his standard of fine craft and clear thought. Granted, he says, that an artist's thought is found not only in his obviously expressed ideas but even more in his subtle evaluations and illuminations of experience. This thought must none the less meet the test of logic. It must also meet a moral test. "A work of literature, so far as it is valuable, approximates a real apprehension and communication of a particular kind of objective truth. . . . It seems to me impossible to judge the value of any idea in a vacuum."

This, to me, is impeccable theory. But while Winters sees so clearly the need for evaluating art and its ideas in terms of the real world, he never does so. He sets up a barrier against any such investigation of the world, a barrier labelled "economic determinism." As in the case of many an academician —for that is what Winters essentially is—his world of reality dwindles down to the professor's inner sanctum. Man's mind is either completely a free agent, or completely a machine. Since "economic determinism" teaches that man's mind is a machine, and man's mind is actually not a machine, this theory is wrong and therefore man's mind is completely a free agent. Any idea is possible at any time. Since Marxism teaches a necessary relation between man's consciousness and the realities of the society in which he lives, Marxism to Winters is "economic determinism." Could he see the greatness of Marx's insight, as in the sentence, "Mankind sets itself only such tasks as it can solve," which is a statement of the great freedom gained by recognizing the opportunities and limitations of a changing world, he would be a much different and better critic.

Marxism differs from economic determinism. It sees history not as one line of movement but as conflict between opposing forces, the resolution of which makes progress. It thus shows that freedom becomes possible to the individual mind only when it recognizes this reality, and so throws its weight on the side of all that is healthy and possible at any time.

But Winters, unable to consider an artist in terms of the real problems with which he deals, is unable to evaluate fully any artist. His book is a monumental, awe-inspiring piece of labor arriving at painfully limited results, like a social historian making an intensive study of fascist theory and finally arriving at the triumphant conclusion that it is "illogical." He deals acutely with part of a writer, never the whole. By a curious—and typically academic—inversion of standards he

* IN DEFENSE OF REASON, *by Yvor Winters. The Swallow Press, William Morrow.* $4.

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does not use his sensitivity to art to elucidate an artist's picture of experience and meanings, but uses his sensitivity to meanings to finally arrive at the great conclusion that one sonnet of a poet is, on the whole, better than another.

WINTERS' method always leads him to punctuate his insights with absurdities. There is something brave, however, even about the absurdities. Winters himself seems to realize that what he is saying is sometimes ridiculous. But since this ridiculous conclusion is the final product of his apparently iron-clad logic, he sticks to it where a less honest mind would hedge behind a flurry of words. For example, he states that since judgments of poetry cannot be purely subjective, which would mean that any poem could be as great as any other, judgments must be purely objective. And so he sets himself the task of assigning every poem he reads a "grade" in relation to every other one, like a school teacher marking examination papers. He knows this too is foolish. One can show that *Vanity Fair* is a greater novel than *The Castle of Otranto*. But how prove that it is greater or lesser than *Tom Jones*, or *Crime and Punishment*? Instead of seeing that on such levels the problem of evaluation becomes something quite different, not an abstract measuring rod of craftsmanship but a study of the societies of which these novels provide so illuminating a self-consciousness, Winters concludes that there still must be objective standards but they are beyond human comprehension. To paraphrase Engels, "the gentlemen lacks dialectic." And so he falls back into the subjective criticism he denounces, offering purely personal standards of approval, bolstered by fine insights into the craft of writing and thinking which crack the shell of the problem but never explain its kernel.

Winters' critiques of Hawthorne, Wallace Stevens, Hart Crane and T. S. Eliot are especially fine. He points out very acutely that Eliot's praise of the great seventeenth century poets is a deliberate distortion of these men to make them proponents of his own esthetic; that Eliot's theories of poetry and art do not make sense; that Eliot's conversion to Catholicism meant exactly nothing. But if these observations are acute, they are not entirely true. Eliot's conversion did mean something, in spite of the fact that it had nothing to do with Christ or humanity and was only a personal relation between himself and a new "authority." It meant a change in Eliot from a lamenting spectator of a dying bourgeois world, in "Gerontion" and "The Waste Land," to an active propagandist for reaction in "Murder in the Cathedral" and "The Rock." It was Eliot's answer to the new hope for the world rising with the working class, an answer that became increasingly close to the fascist answer. Winters does not see this because he deals with ideas from the standpoint of abstract logic and abstract morality, not from the standpoint of history. To show the illogic of Eliot's reasoning is not enough. Fascism has a perfectly clear logic to a monopoly capitalist. It is necessary to show the real historical problems of which Eliot is at least partly conscious, and to which he is providing an answer that, however false, has powerful backing. Otherwise one is disarmed in combatting this influence.

Winters derides Parrington. He calls him first an "economic determinist," then wonders how Marxists, who are "economic determinists," can admire Parrington, who is a "Jeffersonian liberal." He misses the point that Parrington wrote his masterpiece neither to prove "economic determinism" nor "Jeffersonian liberalism." It was a book about America, and enough of the truth of America entered into it to make it a great book.

The critics who represent in criticism the neo-classic and abstract movement of contemporary literature, music and painting, are academicians at heart, applying to literature the standards of a professor of rhetoric, to paintings the standards of a museum curator, never seeing art in terms of its human scope, its part or full consciousness of its age. Seeing its academic leanings, we can realize why so much of both such criticism and such art, while in its beginnings so groundbreaking and seemingly revolutionary, has been taken up by the colleges, the museums, the art patrons. And we can see why it is inadequate. Just as the romantic exalts emotion and personality, so these neo-classicists exalt form and style. Just as the romantic misses the full content by not seeing the individual in his social setting, so these neo-classicists miss the true meaning of form by not seeing that forms are also living elements in art and society, the avenues through which the artist fits

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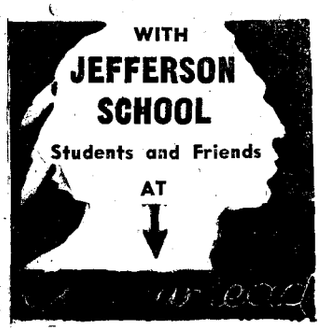

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his art to its social function and chooses his audience. Like many academicians, they are fine teachers from whom much can be learned. Their praise of reason, however abstract, is preferable to obscurantism. They must be followed in their insistence upon the critic mastering the fine craft of art, for without such sensitivity, all criticism is suspect. But they offer only the beginning of criticism, which taken by itself is brilliant in detail, small in scope of problems handled. To know art, it is important, as they insist, to see it as art. But it is imperative to know life, its problems, and the roots of those problems, for that is what the artist, through his art, is talking about.

HERCULES IS AWAKENING

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION IN CHINA, *by Israel Epstein. Little, Brown.* $3.50.

ISRAEL EPSTEIN tells us that today the Chinese people cannot be turned back. They are on the march against oppression. They are breaking the bonds that for centuries chained them to poverty, ignorance and feudal slavery. The people of China have arisen against both their native and foreign oppressors and because it happens that their foreign oppressors are today primarily American imperialists the story of this great historical event is especially pertinent to the political life of the American people.

There is no other book that so faithfully or expertly records this momentous turning point in history as Epstein's. I suppose that no upheaval in modern history has given birth to so many worthwhile books, except possibly the Soviet Revolution — but in that case think of the false, treacherous writing that so far outnumbers the honest efforts. On China the books of Agnes Smedley, Edgar Snow, Owen Lattimore, Ilona Ralph Sues, Laurence Rosinger, Theodore White and Anna Louise Jacoby, Gunther Stein, and Harrison Forman come immediately to mind.

What distinguishes Epstein's work from the notable contributions of the others is, first, that his is more comprehensive both at the contemporary and historical levels, and second, the amazing wealth of detail which he has assembled. While his writing neither has the passionate fire of Smedley's early accounts of the Communist armies, nor creates the vivid word pictures of White and Jacoby, nor claims to duplicate Snow's trail-blazing feat, you will find elements of all these in his book. And you will find much besides which probably he alone among foreign observers was in a position methodically to record, and skillfully to evaluate.

It is really inaccurate to classify Epstein as a "foreign" observer. He was a baby when his parents first brought him to the Far East. He has lived thirty years of his still young life there, mostly in China; only at the very end of the war did he come to this country. Other non-Chinese have lived there that long but I have not heard or read of any who has made more industrious use of the opportunity.

The main subject of *The Unfinished Revolution in China* is the history, first, of China's war of resistance against Japan, and second of the struggle of the Chinese people against the Kuomintang dictatorship and American imperialism. Yet the volume goes beyond this. A long period of Chinese history is brought into perspective. The sordid story of foreign intervention up to its latest most inglorious phase is told and analyzed. Epstein gives you a few paragraphs on that great uprising of the nineteenth century, the Taiping Rebellion, so that you want to learn more about this civil war, so little known to Americans, which cost some 20,000,000 lives. He writes about the American missionary who sold out to the would-be emperor Yuan Shih-Kai and the reader recognizes the present Congressman who now parallels his infamous role.

During the war against Japan the Chinese people took significant strides along their revolutionary march. They had to to survive, for the traditional feudal-compradore class and its institutions of corruption and exploitation were incapable of organizing national resistance. During the war against Japan it was in those parts of China where the people were moved to organize themselves by Communist leadership that resistance was successful and that Chinese history spurted forward. And it was in Kuomintang China, where the reactionaries spread their sickening decay, that the military, economic and political fronts col-

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lapsed. Epstein takes the reader deep into both areas and provides the documentation to show how and why events turned out as they did. When the war of national survival was turned with the help of American imperialists into a civil war against Chinese democracy, the Chinese revolutionary movement deepened and spread to overcome the new enemy. Epstein's book carries the story well into the year 1947.

The Unfinished Revolution in China deserves to be widely read. It should also become a principal book of reference for discussion and study groups and for teaching. It provides both a perspective on China's history and her relations with foreign powers and a conscientious record of the war and civil war which cannot be found in any other single volume. Indeed, if you study this book you will also understand what is going on in the new democracies of Europe.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

They Chose to Live

BEYOND THE LAST PATH, *by Eugene Weinstock. Boni & Gaer.* $2.75.

ON APRIL 11, 1945, soldiers of the American army arrived at Buchenwald and were met at the gates by a committee of prisoners who, with perfect discipline, turned the camp over to them. Buchenwald had already been free for several hours. The prisoners were in complete command with guns and ammunition, a functioning radio—and several hundred of the Master Race at their mercy.

To the astonished Americans this was nothing short of a miracle. No other camp in Germany or Poland had thus freed itself. Not only had the prisoners been able to collect guns and overthrow their guards, but they had also been able to make contact with the Americans and had even directed a pin-point bombing of their camp by British planes.

How was this possible? Why was Buchenwald the one exception?

Eugene Weinstock, a Hungarian Jewish carpenter who himself spent months in Buchenwald, and was there on that April day a little more than two years ago, supplies the answer in this book. It is a study not of horror and human degradation, though there was that, too, but of human integrity, resourcefulness and incredible courage.

The plan of the Nazis was simple: it was to destroy as many prisoners as possible. This was to take place methodically, according to schedule and plan. It was some time before the Buchenwald prisoners learned this overwhelming fact and began to adjust their thinking to it. If the purpose of Buchenwald was death, the answer to it was life.

So the goal was to survive. Not to sabotage the work, as at first many planned to do, and succeeded in speeding up their extermination; not in gestures of defiance; not certainly in apathy. To live it was necessary to formulate a way, even under these conditions, for struggle. And the underground in Buchenwald found a way. The policy of the Nazis was to make the prisoners "govern" themselves as much as possible: prisoners would serve as foremen of work-gangs, prisoners meted out punishment, prisoners controlled the distribution of food. At first, these prisoners were the non-political, criminal element. It was the scheme of the underground to take away the machinery of control and distribution within the camp from these prisoners and turn this machinery into a weapon of struggle—for survival.

Emil Korlbach, a Communist, was the leader of the underground. The Gestapo had jailed him for anti-fascist activity in 1933 when he was nineteen. He had spent twelve years in prison by the time he was freed. It was he who supervised the prisoners' work and, permitting no laxness, no adventurism, encouraging no illusions, forced them to save themselves by working and working hard, even if it meant death for some of them on extermination trains whose prisoner lists were prepared by Korlbach.

The aim of the underground was to create within the prisoners themselves the will to live. Only survival —only life—meant victory.

It was this policy, forced upon the men of Buchenwald by the special conditions of their struggle, that proved itself in the end. The survivors of Buchenwald were by far the best-disciplined, sane, hopeful survivors of any of the camps. They possessed a functioning apparatus, and when the time came there were guns to use. *They freed themselves.* This alone remains a testament of their courage and their faith.

This is not another horror tale—not another book to turn from squeamishly. It is a saga of a most bitter kind

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of victory, but a great victory. The crime is to forget, and this quiet little book, with so little bitterness in it, teaches us how not to forget. "I have made every attempt to write this book so as not to cause pain," the author says. And you are not asked to share the pain of the Buchenwald survivors. You are only asked not to forget their sacrifice.

PHILLIP BONOSKY.

Joe's Saxophone

LITTLE GATE, *by Annemarie Ewing. Rinehart.* $2.75.

ANNEMARIE EWING has played jazz and written about it and the people who make it for ten years. It is this intimacy with her subject that gives her novel an authentic feeling. Young Joe Geddes, of Muscatine, Iowa, the "little gate" of the story, is as recognizable as your neighbor's son. Miss Ewing contends that, all other things being equal, it's practically impossible to tell a jazz musician from any other citizen and this is a point of view heretofore denied by writers about jazz musicians. Earlier novels about jazz musicians have tended to emphasize the drinking, dope-addiction, and generally irresponsible (but lovable!) character of their heroes.

Miss Ewing sets out to show that most jazz musicians are serious about their music and are often uncompromising in its defense. Such a man was Joe, in whom a love of jazz, played honestly and freely, was born when he heard it played by three Negro friends. *Little Gate* tells how Joe acquired his saxophone, drilled himself to perfect the meaning and quality of the things he wanted to say through it, and fought a long-time guerrilla war to win the right to say those things.

Miss Ewing has successfully recreated the temper of the period she covers in her book and has added an admirable portrait to the gallery of men who play the songs we like to hear. The book is particularly interesting for its inclusion of the words and some of the music of several old favorites.

LEWIS AMSTER.

Books Received

THE COLLECTED TALES OF E. M. FORSTER. *Knopf.* $2.75. Here in one volume are the contents of "The Celestial Omnibus" and "The Eternal Moment." While Forster's shorter fiction is considerably lighter and more delicate in quality than his novels, it has a charm which is never without point.

AS YOU SOW, *by Walter Goldschmidt. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.00. A book which, while dealing chiefly with California, constitutes a careful study of the growth of industrialized agriculture and the urbanized rural society to which it has given rise.

PATRIOTISM OR PEACE? *by Adam de Hegedus. Scribner's.* $3. A great deal of mumbo-jumbo about "power," "nationalism" and "sovereignty." According to the author the great threat to peace is the independence of nations. Where did we hear that before?

THE BALKANS: FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS, *by William B. King and Frank O'Brien. Knopf.* $3.50. One of the worst examples of fly-by-night journalism. These two wire-service legmen show an inordinate talent for combining prejudice with falsehood. They tread in an area of politics and history where even more cautious fools have exposed themselves.

A FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES, *edited by Quincy Wright. University of Chicago Press.* $4.50. Fifteen experts in various fields of international affairs attempt to think through an American position on key problems. Some of the opinions expressed are valuable; others, for all their expertness, have a strong odor of State Department inspiration. Worth owning only as a handy compendium of the cross-currents of thought among would-be policy makers.

RUSSIA: A SHORT HISTORY, *by Helen Gay Pratt and Harriet L. Moore. John Day.* $4. Miss Moore, by adding two chapters, has brought up to date this informative and useful book long out of print. Maps and a bibliography add to its value.

THE BRIGHT PASSAGE, *by Maurice Hindus. Doubleday.* $3. A bright book, indeed, on recent developments in Czechoslovakia. Mr. Hindus spends much space on the significance of Czechoslovakia for the rest of Europe. His observations are keen and he appreciates the new economic currents that run through the country. Despite over-simplification, particularly of Communist Party policies, the book is "must" reading.

THE WEB OF GOVERNMENT, *by R. M. MacIver. Macmillan.* $4.50. Professor MacIver attempts an analysis of the nature and functions of the state. He sees freedom only where government is kept from curtailing the community. Life is very simple for some people.

A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT, *by Eric Roll. Prentice-Hall.* $5.65. This is an enlarged and revised edition of Professor Roll's earlier book published a few years ago. As a summary of a very complex field the work has much value. The section on

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Marx, while static in conception, is free of the nonsense and the hatred of other writers who, when they cannot ignore him, dismiss him with damnation.

RECORDS

Two simultaneous recordings of Dmitri Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony are a tribute to this Soviet composer and the lusty emotions he has brought to contemporary music. This work is full of boisterous high spirits, sometimes frivolous, but always genuine in its happiness. Efrem Kurtz leading the New York Philharmonic emphasizes its ballet-like gayety; this is the more clearly recorded of the two (Columbia 688). Serge Koussevitzky, with the Boston Orchestra, gives the music more drive, and crams it into one record less (Victor 1134).

Igor Stravinsky's new "Symphony in Three Movements" is a most serious effort to achieve positive emotions with material that sounds, as in all late Stravinsky, like satire on other musical works. It is a wonderful harmonization, orchestration and rhythmic elaboration of almost nothing, but leaves one with the feeling that nobody else alive can do as much with so little. The composer himself conducts (Columbia 680).

The following are splendid performances and recordings of classic works: Bruno Walter, with the Philharmonic, in that great apotheosis of the Austrian folk spirit, the Schubert C Major Symphony (Columbia 679); Ruggiero Ricci conquering the difficulties of the Bach Sonata in A Minor, for unaccompanied violin, with absolute cleanness and deep feeling (Vox 187); Vladimir Horowitz playing with passion and sensitivity in Mendelssohn's fine *Variation Serieuses*, and with comic abandon in his own variations on the Wedding March, both in "Piano Music of Mendelssohn" (Victor 1121).

Koussevitzky's readings of Bach's Second and Fifth Brandenburg Concertos are sensuously appealing but lacking in the firm beat the music needs for its best (Victor 1118). In a lighter "pop concert" vein are the ballet *Les Sylphides*, based on Chopin's music, well recorded by Fiedler and the Boston "Pops"; Tschaikowsky's airy Serenade in C Major, beloved for its waltz, in which Ormandy displays the lush tone of the Philadelphia strings (Columbia 677); "A Night at Carnegie Hall" presenting Lily Pons, Ezio Pinza and Rise Stevens in uncut, well-accompanied performances of six popular opera arias (Columbia 676).

"The City Sings for Michael" is an intelligent children's story set with some neatly written musical impressionism, including touches of jazz, by Alex North (Disc). The Soviet tenor, Sergei Lemeshev, sings two Tschaikowsky songs, two "Rigoletto" arias, and two folk songs, with pleasant voice and good style (Stinson 303).

S. FINKELSTEIN.

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